

## Lessons

by ChiefPam

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## Lessons

I built this on Season 6 continuity, but it's not an official part of the season, and you needn't have read any of S6 to read this story, which is set some 20 years later. (You can find Lois & Clark's web-based Seasons 5 and 6 at <http://www.geocities.com/~chiefpam>)

LESSONS by Pam Jernigan (jernigan@bellsouth.net)

"Help!!" Lois Lane Kent screamed as loudly as she dared, wincing as the sound echoed through the large empty warehouse. She scanned the area for any sign of imminent rescue, paying close attention to a large open window at one end of the building. She saw nothing, however, and once more, futilely, rattled the chains that bound her arms to those of the chair.

A soft chuckle emanated from the shadows in the rear of the building. "You won't be able to get them loose, you know," her captor stated, amused by her efforts. "And we're too far from other buildings for anyone to hear you screaming. In case you were wondering."

"I appreciate the advice," she replied haughtily, "but I've had far more experience at this than you have, and I'm here to tell you, it's important not to give up."

Dimly, she could see him tilting his head in acknowledgement of her point. "Ah, but Superman won't save you this time." He began moving restlessly, and emerged from the shadows, revealing the mild-mannered exterior of Clark Kent. Lois had learned, however, not to judge this particular book by its cover. "And no saving yourself, either," he added as an afterthought.

"Not while you're looking, anyway," she agreed, smiling sweetly. "But

I wouldn't put it past me."

"No, no," he riposted, sounding amused. "You gotta follow the rules."

"Yeah, right, when have I ever followed rules?"

He leered at her briefly, prowling around the shadowed perimeter of the room. "Well, I guess that's why I had to resort to tying you up."

"A temporary inconvenience," she scoffed, although truthfully she wasn't quite as nimble as she used to be, and if she didn't get out of this soon, her legs might fall asleep. She focused her attention on the edges of the building, hoping to see some movement. "But now would be a good time to tell me all the details of your diabolical plot," she hinted broadly.

"Hmm?" That distracted him, briefly. "What diabolical plot?"

"C'mon, Clark," she chided. "You know. You're the villain, you've got me tied up and you're about to dispose of me -- now is the perfect time to explain everything, since of course I'm not going to be able to do anything about it."

Comprehension dawned. "Oh yeah, right, like on TV. Well, forget it. We're not characters in a TV show, and--"

He was interrupted by a whooshing sound as a streak of sound, light, and movement invaded the warehouse, zipping around faster than the human eye could follow. When the whirlwind ceased, Lois was standing free next to the chair, and Clark was chained in her place. In front of them both stood a young hero in a blue outfit with splashes of red and yellow. He crossed his arms in front of his chest and did his best to look stern.

"Oh, you saved me!" Lois gushed. "But who are you, stranger?"

The hero shifted uncomfortably, and mumbled, "Mo-om! Stop it." He squared his shoulders once more and stated firmly, "My name is Whirlwind, and I'm here to help."

Lois smiled fondly. He looked so much like his father when he said that. "That's good, sweetie. Nice rescue, and a dignified introduction. Well, except for the part where I embarrassed you," she grinned. "But you'll get used to the gushing."

"You did make one small mistake, though," Clark pointed out from his bound position. "You didn't notice I was holding this tiny little device," he opened one palm partway to display it. "And it's a detonator to a bomb that's concealed somewhere near. If I were a real bad guy, I could still threaten my hostage."

Whirlwind frowned. "Hey, no fair!"

"The bad guys don't play fair, son," Clark reminded him gently.

"That's why we have to out-think them."

The three in the warehouse turned to see the source of the new voice, and watched UltraWoman descend slowly from the ceiling, holding a small package. "Dad, I believe this is your bomb? Excuse me, I mean \*was\* your bomb." She grinned, displaying the crushed remains.

Lois frowned. "Laura, you didn't just smash that here, did you?"

Laura rolled her eyes. "No, of course not, Mom. I took it about a hundred feet up, just to be safe. Even if it was only cardboard to start with."

Clark smiled. "Good work, UltraWoman. And you too, Whirlwind. I kinda expected you to just rush in."

"And I expected you five minutes ago," Lois added. "I was getting stiff in that chair."

The two young superheros exchanged glances, and Laura nodded for her younger brother to go ahead and explain. "It took us a while to put the clues together, and we were real careful sneaking up here, in case there was any surveillance. And then I just waited 'til Dad was distracted."

"You handled yourselves very well, congratulations." Clark beamed at his two oldest children. "We'll run a few more drills, next week, but you've both learned a lot."

"Yeah, you two did good," Lois pronounced. "And I've been saved by the best of them." She winked at her husband. "Now, can one of you undo a link or two in those chains so he doesn't have to break them to get free? I get the weirdest looks at the hardware store when I buy more of this stuff every week!"

THE END

End  
file.